73 xxiii.

Βασιλικὸν σύγγραμμα.

A PANEGYRICK ON THE CORONATION OF KING JAMES II. AND His Royal Consort QUEEN MARY.

On *APRIL* 23. 1685.

By the Author of the Plea for Succession, in Opposition to Popular Exclusion.

LONDON,

Printed for *Walter Davis* in *Amen-Corner*. 1685.

A

PANEGYRICK

ON THE

CORONATION

OF

KING JAMES II.

AND

His Royal Consort

QUEEN MARY.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

LXXIII.

Βασιλικὸν σύγγραμμα.

A PANEGYRICK ON THE CORONATION OF King JAMES II.

GReat *CHARLES* adieu! Tears can't recall, yet we can't but ſend 'em after Thee. Theſe are little Tributes, we may pay without fear of COMMONS, whoſe Votes can't ſeal our Eyes, though once they ſhut our Purſes! We leave Thee to Eternal Triumphs, where that Heavenly Quire turns Propheſy to Exultation,

At laſt grown weary of an Earthly Crown,
Crown'd with an Heavenly One! O bleſs'd Remove
From a Throne below, to a Throne above!

} This was ſung to the King on laſt *New-Years* Day.

Now *Melpomene* be gone: with thy mourning Weeds be gone: Blubber not the Triumphs of the Day: it is thy Sovereign's Command, Be gone.

Come, *Polyhimnia*, clad in thy gayeſt Robes, unlaced from Poetick meaſures; with Garments flying looſe, and careleſs, as the Times; Come, Solemnize the Day.

Tell, how the Nations flow, as to an Univerſal Head; how all Lands, with their proudeſt Barks, plow up the *Britiſh* Seas; and every Tyde throws in Foreign Climes upon us: till all *Babel*'s ſcatter'd Tongues make here their Rendezvous, and at one View repreſent the World! Wiſe men, blown in from every Wind, with ſubmiſſive Sails ſalute the Warlike Iſle, and offer Preſents to the riſing Monarch of the World!

Tell, how the Godlike CHARLES in Celeſtial Vehicle, inclos'd with the winged Quires of Heaven, deſcends awhile from his Throne above, and with equal motion hovers o'r our King, to ſee, and adorn the Day. While the Heavens, but now tuck'd up, as flying from us; now deſcend in pearly drops, and, like the Holy Oyl from His Sacred Head, ſtream Bleſſings to all the Corners of the Land. Which done, the joyful Sun briſks from behind the Cloud; weaves Garlands of His Rays, and crowns His Head with Glories: while the Planets, through Streams of Light, ſmile down their ſweeteſt Influences.

See (if thou canſt) how He ſits on His Royal Throne! How Peers, like Stars, lie buried in His Light! See how the Queen imparts Her Gracious Beams; while the Beauties, that attend, ſhrowded by Her Light, grow pale, and ſink into the milky way! See how the ſilent Rounds attentive ſtand; as if turn'd all to Eye, and Ear; looking like the intellectual World, gazing on the Throne above; while Traytors Heads, ſet o'r the Hall, Envy ſtruck, do again look pale, and dye!

Tell the Miracles of the Day, *viz.*

How that Devil, whoſe name is *Legion*, is diſpoſſeſs'd; and the Nation, that once did cut, and wound itſelf, now cloath'd, and in their wits, ſit down at their Royal Maſter's Feet!

How that *lying Spirit*, once ſmug'd up in Republick, and Excluding Forms; like Heathen Oracles, at the approach of this Diviner Light, ſtab'd with Grief, runs howling back to Hell!

Tell the Fiends ſad Tales to the black Club below; how they make bold *Sd—y* ſtamp; *Armſtrong*'s Hands to ſhake; old *Tony*'s blinking Eyes to outrun their Tap; and turn the Joyner's *Raree-Shew* to Lamentations; filling the Infernal Court with Shreeks, and Yells; which ſound to the Belgick Shore; and make the * PROTESTANT RAZOR, there forg'd, and ſet to the murther of a Monarchy; turn edge, and cut the Traytors Throats.

* *A late Pamphlet ſo called.*

Tell

Tell how the Hollow Cryes reach the *Britiſh* Iſle ; ſpoil *Wappin* Treats, and quick Diſpatches ; confound the Bench, and make the ſtubborn Houſe now at laſt *apt to change !*

But draw a Cloud between thy ſelf, and *JAMES*, our Sun, riſing from his Weſtern Seat to his Zenith at *Whitehall* ; attended with Peers, and Nations, like the Hoſt of Heaven (where may He ſhine in Meridian Glory, till taken up to *Ariadna*'s Crown, and *Caſſiopeia*'s Chair ;) a Story fit for none, but great *Norfolk*'s hand.

When the God of Sleep hath given Reſt to Thy wearied Mind, wearied with the tedious Glories of the Day : then riſe to a ſecond Show.

See how the winged People of the Air ſtand all at Gaze, called up by an Artificial Day !

Survey the *Thames*, now better peopled, than the Town ; tell how, many Houſes become joint Tenants to a little Skull, and Streets lie truſt up in Liters ! How Ecchoes from the Shores, and Giants meet, and battle in the Air ! while the wondring Fiſh come ſhoaling in ; and now officious grown, with ſcaly Backs ſupport the over-loaded Boats !

Let us now behold our KING, dear to God, and Man ; ſhielded by the hand of Heaven from harms of Foreign Wars, and *Flemiſh* Fights ; where covered with Smoke, and Fire ; with Blood, and Brains of ſhatter'd men, he out-dared even Guns, and Death ! Snatch'd by the hand of Heaven from the *Northern wreck* ; ſecured from raging Seas, and madneſs of the People ! From *Excluſions*, *Aſſociations*, and the *Rye !* A Royal Soul, whom Miracles have preſerved, and Angels crown !

Inſtead of Pyke, and Muſquet, we have Liberty and Law ; inſtead of *Rumps*, and *Aſſociations*, a rightful Sovereign ; and Peace, inſtead of Fields of Blood. An Argument of a Divine care over *Him*, and *us* ; which hath given to each his Right ; to him *His* People, to us *our* King.

Let us honour all the Inſtruments of our Peace : whom bold *Addreſſes* would have raviſhed, like Jewels from the Crown : thoſe *Atlaſes* of State, whoſe Heads, and Shoulders, help'd to ſave Three Nations ; and fix'd a tottering Throne.

That Head, and Glory of our Bench ; whoſe Merits may atone the Faults of others of the Robe.

That unwearied Head, which laden with Age, and Honours ; often ſought, and now at laſt hath gain'd the unwilling Shade !

Worthies, whoſe bright Names, like fixed Stars, ſhall ſhine to future Ages.

Let *Newmarket-Fire*, which burnt Two Kings from Death; made 'Em outſtrip, and ſurprize the *Plot*, and ſaved us all from the flames of War; and was ſent from Heaven, like a Countermine, to blow up that *Plot*, which was made, and brought from Hell; yearly blaze in all our Streets.

Hail, Sacred Town! Honoured to be the Nations Sacrifice! In whoſe Aſhes Heaven wrote the deepeſt Characters of Love, for in thy Death we all do live! A ſecond *Jericho*, firſt caſt down by Heaven for his Peoples ſafety; and then by Fanatick Rage condemn'd to perpetual Ruines: who would give to deſtroy the whole, but not to reſtore this little part! Hither, as to an Holy Land, let every Loyal Pilgrim come; and here erect his *Better Monument* of Praiſe.

For the juſt Heavens took the injured Princes part; *Michael*, and his Angels, with the Stars in their courſes fought; and every Creature did conſpire their Sovereign's Right.

Then plot no more; for he, that upheld the Subject, will never fail the KING. Heaven is never idlely buſie; for Wonders are not done for nought. When *Iſrael* is brought from *Egypt*, through red Seas, and howling Deſarts, and delivered from a plotting *Amalek*; *Balak* ſhall never overcome, though *Balaam* turn Inchanter for him.

Then plot no more: the *Lernæan* Monſter needs muſt fall, when our *Alcides* conquers Serpents from his Cradle! See him laden with bloodleſs Victories over them, before whom Religion, Law, and Valour fell! A Wiſe, and Noble Soul, Juſt to all Men, Faſt to his Friends, Venturous of his Life, whoſe Martial influence turns all to Champions, and re-peoples the Land with Giants. A Soul, in all points, ſhaped for Glories. To *Thee* King *Arthur* and his Knights muſt bow; and St. *George* yield up his Spear, and Day! *England*'s King! *England*'s Champion! *England*'s Guardian Angel! in whom dwells all that is Great, and Juſt, and Good!

Methinks I ſee that undaunted Foot ſet on the Necks of them, that cut it off; and that riſing Head, like the clambering Sun, looking over all the Thrones about it! To *Thee* ſhall the wild *Morocco*, and diſtant *Bantam* ſeek! To *Thee* ſhall the Nations look for Laws of Peace, and War! while each Pole ſhall bend, and meet to bear thy Canopy!

Then plot no more: the proudeſt Waves may break themſelves, but never move the Rock.

Let thoſe white Doves, the ſweet Emblems of Peace, and Love; that at the Royal Change ſate upon his Arms, liſtening to the proclaiming their great Maſter, be happy Omens of a bleſſed Reign.

Nay,

Nay,

We will fear no more: who have a God, that works ſuch Wonders for us.

We will fear no more: who have a King ſprung from a Royal Stock, whoſe greateſt Fault was Mercy! A King, who hath ſaid, He will govern by the Laws: A King, that never broke His Word: *JAMES the Juſt*: whoſe innate Goodneſs doth more oblige Him to make an happy People, than Oaths, and Covenants, could do others, to make a GLORIOUS KING.

Great *JAMES*, we intirely acquieſce in Thee! Better tutored be the Tongues that ſhall preſume to tutor a King, a Politician, a Divine! We will not dare to reproach thy Word; or diſturb the couching Herds.

Go whining Whig; ſeduce no more; foul Fiend avaunt, pollute not this Sacred Ground; go to Ditches ſtinking as thy Breath, there be laid for ever; there croak thy ugly Tones; there ſwell, burſt, and dye: while we our Loyal Triumphs ſing.

FINIS.